

CLOD-PATE'S Ghost

OR A

DIALOGUE

Between *Justice* CLOD-PATE, and his *[quondam]* Clerk
Honest TOM TICKLEFOOT.

WHEREIN

Is Faithfully Related all the News from Purgatory, about Ire-
land, Langhorn, &c.

The Author, T. T.

*Contrants, Diurnals, will not do't;
Gazetts, no News can tell;
Then Hey! for Brave Tom Ticklefoot!
Who brings us News from Hell!*

L. Epigr. Lib. 3. Ep. 5.

Ticklef. **W**hat a Rumbling, lumbring
Noise do you make there?
Cannot an Honest man
sleep for you? would I
could find the Bed-staff.

Clod-p. Would you were hang'd, you
Rascal! Cannot you put your Chairs and
Stools in better order when you go to
Kennel? I have broke my Shins most la-
mentably.

Ticklef. I would you had broke your
Neck for me, whoever you are; I'm sure
you have broke my Sleep, and I value an
inch of my own Sleep before three Inches
of your Neck; besides you ha' spoil'd a
hopeful a Dream as ever I had since I un-
derstood the Art of sound Snoring: But
who are you with a Rope to you? and
what make you here?

Clod-p. How now Tom! what, do'st not
know thy old Master? you and I ha' been
better acquainted when time was.

Ticklef. My old Master, Clod-pate! Be-
shrew your Heart, you put me in a cold,
clammy, muck Sweat: I'm all of a Lather;
I alwayes hated Converse with the Folkes
of the Invisible World; ever since I could
write *Ticklefoot*. But what Wind hath
blown you hither? I thought we had been
cock-sure of you.

Clod-p. He do'th he turn Tom, upon
my honest word; but I vow I ha' broke
my shins skilly in the dark.

Ticklef. Why, could you not see your
way by the Light of your Nose? I'm sure
it used to our shine a Beacon, or, at least,
a Flam-Boy.

Clod-p. Ay Tom! But I am now a Ghost
in Quirps, and have left my Nose behind me.

Ticklef. why did you not leave your
Shins behind you too?

Clod-p. Oh Tom! there's a Mystery in
that: how should I walk without my Legs?
And how should I bring my Legs without
my shins? But I see every Convenience has an
Inconvenience; either I must leave my shins
behind me, or be a lame Cripple; or my
Nose, and so be your poor Blind-man Sir; but
leave off your Fooling, and give me a lit-
tle of *John Pontane's* his Balsom, whilst my
Wounds are green.

Ticklef. Nay Master, if I had broke your
Pate, I would have given you a Plaster;
but if you break your own Shins, you
must be your own Chirurgeon for Tom.

Clod-p. Well Sirrah, I'll be even with
you, but let's be serious; I have a great
mind to divert my self with a little Dis-
course with you about the Affairs of your
Hemisphere.

A

Ticklef.

Ticklef. What you please for that, Sir! but pray be as concise as you can for your Life; I must be up by *Break o' day*, and trudge ten Miles to a Wake, by Eight a Clock i'th' morning, and I'm sure there will be no sport there till *Tom Ticklefoot* comes with his *Tabour* and *Whistle*.

Clod-p. A Fool scratch you with your own *Nayles*! Hast thou no more Wit, than to quit the Gentle and Laudable Employ of a *Justice Clerk* to run rambling up and down the Country, and be the Buffoon to all the *Wakes*, *May-games*, *Morrice-Dances*, and *Whitson-Ales*? Especially *Tom*, when thou hadst such excellent Education under me: I am sure thou hast heard me *Tickle a Point of Law* many and many a time, would ha' done a man's heart good to have heard it: Ah *Tom*, *Tom*! thou might'st ha' learn'd something, if thou hadst had Brains.

Ticklef. You may speak your pleasure; but so long as I can get Fools pence, and pick young Folks pockets with my Drolle-ry, call me *Tom Ticklefoot*, if you will, it's all one to *Tom*: Shall I tell you, Master, I got more by *Buckingham-Ballad*, than by a Dozen of your Warrants; and then I writ a Play t'other day, without Head or Foot, Plot or Language, Wit or Fancy, and yet it turn'd to more Account, than *Licensing half the Ale-Houses in our Division at Easter*. Well! *That's my Good, that does me Good*: I'm Master of more Shillings now, since I was my own Master, than I was of Pence when I was your Servant; and I protest I get more by *Tickling my Tabour*, than ever you got by *Tickling a Point of Law* in all your Life.

Clod-p. Ay, but *Tom*! The Creditableness and Gentleness of an Employ is worth something.

Ticklef. Yes, but the Honesty of an Employ is worth more. I tell you true, my Conscience grumbld filthily to live upon the Sins of the People; and I'm certain, two parts in three of those we punish'd for Sinners, we first made Sinners, but that which vex'd me to the Guts, was, that when I (under correction) was the better Justice o'th' two, you engross'd all the Profits, and fob'd me off with your Leavings, and poor *Tom* had nothing but some odd Scrape out o'th' Compositions of poor Whores, to keep Life and Soul together: my Doublet was almost all together out at Elbows with writing o' your Warrants, and my Stockings out at Heels with running o' your Errands; I was your Loadman to bring Grist to your Mill, and yet

I have not quit Scores with the Botcher to this day: but this I say, my Conscience would not let me tolerate Whores for our Fees.

Clod-p. This 'tis when every hair-brain'd half-witted Coxcomb will be wiser than *Roman Catholick Church*: She upon politick Reasons tolerates Whores and Stews, as knowing, if mens Lusts be damm'd up in their ordinary Course, they'll find a more filthy Channel: She allows *Simple Fornication*, to prevent *Adulteries* and *Sodomies*; the lesser Evil to be the Remedy for the greater.

Ticklef. Wisely done Master! for Satan to cast out Satan, one Sin to cure another! Why could not She use *God's Remedy* as well as the *Devil's*? She prohibits *Marriage in the Clergy*, which is *God's Remedy*; and allows *Fornication in all*, which is the *Devils*: and yet no Remedy neither; for the Devil does but enter his Whelps with the unmarried, that when they have got Impudence enough, he may Flesh 'em upon the Married: And examine it when you will, you shall find all your *Adulterers* to have first been *Fornicators*; and he translates them as they are ripe for the Game, as we do Young Players, from the Nursery in *Barbican*, to the Academy in *Salisbury-Court*. I hope this is as serious as your heart can wish.

Clod-p. Well, take your Course *Tom*; but we had a strange piece of News in *Purgatory* t'other day, that you had invaded the Bench, *Tom*, and had Arraigned the Prisoners, when they were Acquitted by that *Blessed Jury*, and Condemned the Judge himself too; I promise you, had I catcht you enterloping upon my Office, in my time, I had bestowed such a Clapperclawing on you, you should not have Claw'd it off in one Seven Years.

But *Tom*! *Ticklef.* What a Stir's here with *Tom*, *Tom*? Nothing but plain *Tom*! Were I not under such Circumstances as oblige me not to provoke you, I would tell you, Sir, the *Toms* are as good Gentlemen as walk upon *English Ground*: There's *Tom-Fool*, a very Ancient Family; and *Tom-a-Bedlam*, that has built him a Stately Palace near *Bishop's-Gate*; and *Tom-Tell-Troth*; that thinks his Penny as good Silver as the proudest Bully, whose Ignorance will not let him understand, nor his Guilt bear Plain-dealing; and there's I *Tom Ticklefoot*, simply, though I say't that should not say't, can derive my Pedigree as high as he that wears the *Cock's-Feather in's Cap*; Ay, and

and many other *Toms*; that are not ashamed to shew their Faces before the best man o' th' Parish.

Clod-p. But all this is nothing to the purpose.

Ticklef. It may be not to your purpose; but it is close and pertinent to my purpose: I'll justifie it, I am a Gentleman every inch of me; and though the *Ticklefoot's* Family, like some great and famous Rivers, ran under-ground for a few Generations, we have as daring Blood running in our Veins as our Neighbours.

Clod-p. Yes, yes, it seems so; and from hence you took the Confidence to try over the Trials of *Wakeman*, *Marshall* and *Corker*, and reflected sawcily upon you know who?

Ticklef. Pish! Go to Law with a Beggar, and get a Lowse! and if ever he get other Costs and Damages of me, I'll forgive him. Besides, I'll lay you an even Wager, two round Six-pences to a broad Shilling, there's never a Jury that plies in *Westminster-Hall*, would give a Lowse-damage against me if I were Cast; but I have raised such a Mutiny between his Conscience and his Guineys, as will not be hush'd again in one Twelvemonth; but to cry Quits with you, pray what News of *Father Ireland* in your parts.

Clod-p. Not a Syllable, I protest *Tom*.

Ticklef. Now that's a Wonder, Master! Why, does not *Purgatory* lie in the ready High-Road to Hell?

Clod-p. Oh yes; we are within a stones throw of the Road; and not two Flight-shoots from Hell it self: I have seen Souls crowding and thronging upon the Road thither, as thick as ever I saw Gowns in *Westminster-Hall* in the Term, especially after the famous Victory we had over the French at *Monts*; and yet I could never hear a word less or more, good or bad of *Father Ireland*: I conclude therefore he cannot be there; for being a person of great Civility, and very much a Gentleman, he would, no doubt, have call'd in, to see some of his old Acquaintance, though some of them o' late have got their *Habeas Corpus*, and are releas'd.

Ticklef. *Habeas Animam*, Master; for so the Writ runs in your Court; but if I might be so bold, pray how do they get out of *Purgatory*? for I have learn'd all the cunning Tricks (you know) our Rogues here use to break prison, but how to get of *Purgatory*, seems to me a difficult matter.

Clod-p. Why, I'll tell thee, *Tom*; we all

stood pricking up our Ears, and listening, like a Sow o' th' Corn, and as soon as any one hears the Money-bank in the Baron, that's offer'd at the Malt, upon any particular Souls account, away whips he up to Heaven, without the Civility of taking leave, and leaves all his Bag and Baggage behind him for Garnish amongst the poor prisoners: and therefore the Canon-Law determines, That the poor who are dead can have no Benefit by the Suffrages of the Living, because they are non-solvent. I, for my part, have lain here these 3 years and upwards, and unless 'twas once or twice that I got out upon my parol, have not seen Sun, Moon or Stars all the while, because I left nothing to the Priests to pray me out, and they'll be hang'd ere they do ought for Charity; but I'm very confident, *Father Ireland*, dying a Martyr, was not oblig'd to take a Turn in *Purgatory*, but had all his Sins expiated by his Sufferings, and went the ready way to Heaven.

Ticklef. I promise you, Master, that's very probable; for some such Hopes *Father Turner* gave us in his last Prayer at the Gallows.

Clod-p. Ay meet *Tom*! that thou wouldst favour me with a Copy on't!

Ticklef. You may command a greater matter than that comes to: Here it is, O Sweet Jesus, who hath suffered a most painful and ignominious Death upon the Cross for our Salvation, Apply, I beseech thee, unto me the Merits of thy Sacred Passion; and sanctifie unto me these Sufferings o' mine (which I humbly accept for thy sake) in union of the Sufferings of thy Sacred Majesty, and in Penance, and Satisfaction of my Sins.

Clod-p. La! you there, *Tom*! you see the Excellency of our Religion, when our own Sufferings for Christ's sake (such as be sure, *Father Turner's* were) join'd with the Sufferings of Christ, will make Satisfaction to Divine Justice for our Sins.

Ticklef. The Excellency of your Religion! pray forbear: I can shew you as excellent Doctrine as this comes to, from a Reverend Father of our own Church: If a man (says he) be ready to be thrown into th' Sea, he may be piously taught to pray after this manner, ["Grant, O Lord, that the Death of thy Son, and this my Death may be united into one; that so being conjoyn'd, they may be accepted by thee, for the punishment of my Sins, that all thy Wrath may be forgotten, and all my Sins blotted out o' thy Book."] Nay, I can tell you more, That your *Father*

Turner

Turner (though he was not so ingenuous as to confess it) did but borrow that Doctrine from that Reverend Father of ours, whom he may thank for the first occasion of his being a Catholick: Nay, I'll tell you more than all this, that the degenerated Jews use to conclude their Lives with this Prayer; *Let my Death be the Satisfaction for all my Sins!* So that I see no singular Excellency in your Religion above other mens.

Clod-p. However Tom, a blind man may see they died Martyrs in the Judgment of their own Consciences.

Ticklef. It may be so; but I assure you, they died Traitors in mine.

Clod-p. O abominable uncharitableness! Why, dost not believe those solemn Protestations of their Innocency, those serious Appeals to God, made at the very last Gasps?

Ticklef. Not a word, upon my Honesty: For, as for Father Ireland, he dy'd with a lowd Lye in's Mouth, enough to have choak'd a man of an ordinary Swallow, without a *Hempen Squinzey*.

Clod-p. That was an ugly Business indeed Tom: But how dost thou prove it Tom? how dost prove it Boy?

Ticklef. Prove it! Why, Mr. Jenison, a Zealot of their own Religion, has prov'd it over and over; for though modest Ireland faced the Court, and would have out-faced the King's Evidence; that he was in *Staffordshire* from Aug. 3, to the middle of Septemb. yet in comes this Gentleman, and of his own accord swears, that he saw him, spoke with him in London, Aug. 19, at his own Chamber, plucking off his Boots, saying he was just then come Post out of the Countrey: And this he did as a Gentleman, upon no other Motive, but because he saw how this bold Jesuite Brazen'd it out against Authority, and huff'd and Hector'd the Sheepish Protestants, when yet all Ireland's Asseverations were broad Falshoods; so that the thing is as plain as the Nose on your Face.

Clod-p. Ay marry Tom! that was worded like a cunning Sophister; *A plain as the Nose of my Face!* why thou knowest I have no Nose on my Face; and so I told thee before.

Ticklef. Why Master, have the Worms, or the Pox eaten it off? But I meant innocently; and to clear it, I say, 'tis as plain as the Nose upon my own Face.

Clod-p. Come Tom, enough o' this jesting! dost think I'm in a pickle to drole it, when I have lain so long reezing in the

Smoke of Purgatory, that, since the Prohibition of *Westphalia Ham*, I do not believe there's any thing left in England that can sample my Blackness. But are not things strangely varied with you since the last Pacquet-Boat?

Ticklef. Ay indeed Master, we have rung Changes so long, that now we begin to ring the Bells backward; you shall see a man as hot as Mustard against Plot and Plotters one day, and as cool (not to say frozen) as Charity, the next; so that I'm confident, *Modern Charity, and Zeal against Popery, equal Quantities, a Spoonful*, is the best Julep in a burning Fever, that is in all the Dispensatory. Good-lack! how have I seen a man bawl, and some at mouth for the Plaintiffe to day, that would bawl as lowd for the Defendamt to morrow! in twenty-four hours the Nature of things, and men shall be so changed, that you cannot know 'em again; He that was all *Choler*, shall be all *Flegm*, as if the man had been Tapt, and a Sheep's Blood transfus'd into a Lion's Veins.

Clod-p. Pre'thee Tom unriddle me this Riddle; for I protest it's beyond my *Clod-pated Capacity* to understand it.

Ticklef. It's done as easily as you can kiss your hand; 'tis but fluxing a man with Quicksilver, and he's clear another thing.

Clod-p. Ay but it's dangerous meddling with these Quicksilver Medicines Tom.

Ticklef. Upon my word, Sir, none at all; you may give it to a *Chrysom-Child*; 'tis as safe as Butter'd Ale, and as nourishing; my Life for yours, there's no danger in't; you may if you please, give it inwardly in a competent Dose of *Aurum Potabile* (that's a rare Vehicle!) or outwardly, by *Uction*, which is only a hard word for *Greasing in the Fist*.

Clod-p. And has it done those Feats they boast of?

Ticklef. Oh Sir! believe it, if all the Blind that have had their Eyes open'd, all that have had their Tongues loosed, all that have been cured of Deafness, Dumbness, by this rare Receipt, were but so Civil as to make their Acknowledgments, our *Lady of Halle* would not Glory in a more numerous Retinue: It has made that, no Evidence to save one, which was clear and good Evidence to hang a whole Baker's Dozen; it has made sometimes two Witnesses necessary to every Branch and Article of an Indictment, when, in another Case, and at another Time, one Witness to each Branch or Article, had been mortal, and kill'd

kill'd a man as dead as a red Herring: It shall make a *Plot no Plot*, in eight and forty hours, and convert deadly poyson into a Sovereign Cordial; and that's pretty fair, I think, for one Receipt: which you may see in *Poor Robin's Pharmacopœia*. But I beseech you Master, how come you by your Intelligence?

Clod-p. We know nothing but what we have from the publick Prints, Diurnals, Courants, Gazettes, Pamphlets which fly up and down thick and threefold, especially of late. Indeed formerly we had *St. Coleman's Letters* twice a Week; and they were Authentick: but he's now better employ'd, and our Staple Advice is from the *Gazettes*.

Tickle. I wonder who writes these *Gazettes* in your Territories.

Clod-p. In truth *Tom*, I cannot well tell; but some few years agoe there was a *Slip-string-Fellow* wrote 'em; he had a hardish kind of *Strange* Name; but really I have forgot it, only I remember they say he was one of old *Noll's* Fidlers, and was old Dog at it; he cou'd tell you where *Rowland Pippin* dwelt, and decypher all his *Bum-Trusses*. There was not a *Spaniel*, or a *Watch* lost, but he could recover it better than *Will. Lilly*, *Moll Cut-purse*, or the *City-Marshall*: but now I think on't, there has been a great Smoak and Smother o' late about the *Fires of London* and *Southmark*; prythee what do you above-ground say of that?

Tickle. Nay; what do you below-ground say of? for most men with us think you have Reason to know more on't than we.

Clod-p. Pardon me *Tom*, for that! we must not tell Tales out of the School; we're under an Oath of Secresie, not to reveal the *Arcana Imperii*, the Mysteries of our *Subterranean Kingdom*. Besides, to tell you true, we are not of the *Divan*; poor Wretches, we are kept close prisoners, and know as little as you do, what the *Grand Signior of Hell* is plotting in his *Cabinet-Council*; only common Fame goes with us, that the Fire of *London* wonderfully abated the Flames of *Purgatory*, they were e'ne ready to leap out o' their skins for Joy at the News; but tell me seriously, whether you believe our Friends had a *Finger* in't?

Tickle. A Finger! Ay a Hand, a Head, a Heart, and All in't. Honest *Reading* tells us in his Trial, that Mr. *Bedlow* had laid in Fagots behind the *Palsgrave's-Head Tavern*, to burn *Westminster*; this he did when a *Papist*, but he repented sincerely, was pardoned fully and freely; and when *Reading* charges it, and he owns it, who can deny the Truth of it?

Clod-p. Did *Reading* charge it on him? then was he as great a *Clod-pate* as my self; and yet I thought I had been the Head of our Fa-

mily, and the Top of all our Kin! well! I shall never be dead as long as *Reading* is alive; I only wish instead of the *Billory*, he had mounted the *Gallows*; for he has done our Cause more Disservice by this Jobb, than ever he did it a Kindness by disparaging the *King's Witnesses*.

Tickle. Why then, Master, I perceive you and I are agreed; let him hang himself to save *Squire Ketch* a Labour, and honestly cheat him of his Fees.

Clod-p. But *Tom*, what saist thou to those sweet hopeful Youths that came from *St. Omars*? Did they not play their parts notably, and manfully overwhelm the *King's Evidence* with a Torrent of Truth?

Tickle. I promise you they had been excellent Tools, had they been in all points a little better instructed; for they spoke home to the Time in Question, but for an hour before, they spake as they had never been born; and for an hour after, as if they had been already dead.

Clod-p. I confess some of 'em came blewly off; but we can have Twenty more such Instruments for time of need; and we resolve never to starve our Cause, as you silly Protestants do.

Tickle. Nay I'll say that for you, you rather cram your Cause than starve it; but have a care you do not kill it with Kindness, and whilst you would feed it, burst it; overdoing is sometimes undoing; but I'll bear you good witness, he's a Fool that will accuse you Catholics for starving of your Cause.

Inprimis, For Firing the Burrough of *Southmark* 1000 l.

Item, For poysoning the King, 15000 l.

Item, For removing *Sr. Edmondbury God-frej*, 4000 l.

Item, For Lessening the King's Evidence, and making the Witnesses easie, per *An.* 1000 l.

Item, For pistolling the King, 1500 l.

Clod-p. Trouble not your self *Tom* with us or our Concerns; wee'll look well enough to the main Chance I'll warrant thee, without thy Advice; but God has given you Protestants one singular Gift: That you believe our Words that you hear, and will not believe our Works which we do, and so neither your Faith, nor your Unbelief can save you: but so long as we can make you believe your own Ears more than your Eyes, let us alone; wee'll deal well enough with you.

Tickle. Well Master, it grows very late; you know my Occasions, pray leave me to my self; I shall be peevish and wranglish all day, if I want my Natural Rest; and so good Night Sir; betake your self to your Rest.

Clod-p. To my Rest, *Tom*! No haste but good: Rest in *Purgatory*! Thank you for nothing!

nothing : O the Lallies of Red-hot Whips of Steel-wire! O the burning Pincers that must tear me! O the glowing Coals that must be my Couch! What horror doth the remembrance of what I have suffered, and the anticipating Thoughts of what I must suffer, work in my amazed Soul, when the destined Hour calls me to that *Penance*; and do you bid me go rest?

Ticklef. Why Sir, is the Body in *Purgatory*?

Clod-p. What a Childish Question is that for a man of your years? My Body (all that's left on't) is in the Grave; I'm sure I left it there: but 'tis my Soul, *Tom*, that's tormented in these Flames.

Ticklef. Now for Old-Acquaintance-sake, Master, tell me, are these *Whips*, these *Pincers*, these *Flames* you talk of, *Material*, or *Immaterial*?

Clod-p. That's a Captious Question now; the *Pincers*, and *Whips*, *Tom*, are Metaphorical Terms; but I'll assure thee there's as real *Lashings*, *Whippings*, *Scorchings* as ever you saw a Felon endure at the *Whipping-Post*, or a Thief when he's *Burnt in the Hand*.

Ticklef. But I cannot conceive for my Life, how *Material Instruments* can affect an *Immaterial Being*.

Clod-p. You cannot? perhaps so *Tom*; thou'rt a dull Philosopher: but to put you to't a little; why may not a *Material pair o' Pincers* take hold of an *Immaterial Spirit*, as well as a *pair of Immaterial Pincers* take hold of a *Material Corporeal Substance*? Is there not the same proportion between *Material* and *Immaterial*, that there is between *Immaterial* and *Material*?

Ticklef. Ay Sir, to a single Hair's Breadth; and if you can shew me those *Immaterial Tweezers*, or *Pincers*, that can take hold of a *Body*, I shall easily believe that (though not so easily conceive how) a *Material pair* may take hold of a *Soul*: Come, let me see you do't, and I render my self your pris'ner, and shall become your *Profelyte*.

Clod-p. Look thee there *Tom*, is not *Feeling Believing*, as well as *Seeing*? What say you now?

Ticklef. Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, my Nose, my Nose, my poor Nose, my precious Nose! *Purgatory* take your *Immaterial Pincers*; you have almost pluckt off my Nose.

Clod-p. Really *Tom*, 'twas only my *Immaterial Fingers*.

Ticklef. Would you had left your *Fingers* behind you, as well as your *Nose*: but I remember now an old Charm we had when we were Boys.

Hob with my Heels, and Bayard with my Toes. Rise up Dead-man, and catch me by th' Nose.

Clod-p. 'Twas only in jest, *Tom*; to convince thy Incredulity, of the Truth of the Doctrine of *Purgatory*, and the Extremity of our Torments; but it's an easie matter for such Raskals as you, to drole and gibe very pleasantly upon our Sufferings; I'm sure 'tis we that feel the Smart on't with a wit-ness.

Ticklef. I wonder in my heart how you, of all men living, came to drop into *Purgatory*. I alwayes thought that either your Virtues would ha' sav'd you, or Vices damn'd you; for I protest, I could never for my life yet tell whether your Virtues or Vices were greater.

Clod-p. The very Truth is, *Tom*, I had Virtues more than ever I got by; but there were an infinite Number of odd Trifles that I had set o'th' Back-side o' my Book, and thought no more on than my dying day; they call 'em *Venial Sins*, but they may call 'em what they will, and Nick-name 'em how they will; this I know, if this be the punishment of the *Venial*, I wonder how they fare that die under *Mortal Sins*: Now and then there would come dropping in a *Sugar-Loaf*; sometimes a *Couple of Capons*; sometimes a *Fat Pig*; and what Sin (thought I) can there be in a *Fat Pig*, or *Couple of Capons*? Really they were very agreeable Food. Twice or thrice (but that was seldom) a Paper of *Guinneys* was thrust into my hands, handsomely, and modestly, as who say, *Say nothing*; and I have wondred at it, but could never find the Reason, my Fingers would stick to 'em like Bird-Lime; I vow it was alwayes against my will: Then, once, or twice, or so, came a loving Letter from my Lord—, to shew decent Favours to an Innocent Gentleman at the *Sessions*; but thou know'st I alwayes did Justice right or wrong. 'Tis true, I had some times occasion to be Drunk; but *Good Casuists* assur'd me 'twas lawful, for my Health's sake, once a Month; and though I reduc'd it to once a Fortnight, or once a Week, a sorry Circumstance, could never make that *Mortal*, which before was but *Venial*, if a Sin at all: now I argued thus with my self, If we be agreed that the Thing is Lawful in it self, why should we make such a Stir about the Quoties?

Ticklef. I protest you argue most profoundly, and had your Learning out o' our *Law-Books*; for when a *Capias* will not do, we take out an *Alias*, then a *Pluries*, and last of all a *Toties quoties*.

Clod-p.

Clod-p. Ay but, *Tom, Tom*, there was a nice Point; for I ha been overtaken in a *Bawdy-House*; and though my strictest Confessors gave it under their Hands (and I alwayes had a *Jesuite*) that a man may frequent those Places, though he finds himself ordinarily overcome with the Temptation; provided alwayes that it be not his *Primary Intention*, in going thither, but that he designs either the *Conversion*, or *Correction* of those Sinners; and though I were never good at *Conversion*, yet thou know'st I have claw'd the Jades, and made 'em sing *Lachrymæ* in *Bridewell*; and as I am a living Soul, I evermore set my Ends, and Aims, and Intentions as straight as an Arrow, when I went in; yet, I cannot tell how, e're I came out again, my Hand turn'd, and I was carried down with the Stream: but this I must needs say: I have been guilty of *Lying*, which, in some Cases, they say, is *no Sin* at all; as when the Lie is *Officious*: in others but *Venial*; as, when 'tis *Ludicrous*: and if in some Cases it be *Mortal*; as, when 'tis *Malicious*: yet I dare swear, my *Venial Lies* were more by half than my *Mortal ones*; and then why might not I set the one against the other? But upon the whole, I must needs say, I'm better dealt with than I *deserved*.

Ticklef. I'm clearly o' your mind for that matter; I'm sure on't, we *poor Protestants* must ha' been damn'd for the tythe of what comes to: but, I assure you, we were so far from dreaming that you were in *Purgatory*, that we never suspected you to be a *Papist*.

Clod-p. There was my Master-piece *Tom*: It gave me a little *refrigerium*, once to think how I had eluded all their *Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, their Tests, and State-Ordeals*; but I went to Church, when I could not handsomely be sick, nor take Physick; I railed at Fanaticks, and boasted o' my Loyalty, and pass'd for a very good Son of the Church: but, prethee *Tom*, how did my Executrix behave her self towards my memory?

Ticklef. Oh, Sir! With all respectfulness imaginable, you had a most splendid Funeral, and at the Funeral a most elegant Sermon; where the Parson Canoniz'd you for a Saint, the best man, the most tender Husband, the most useful Neighbour, the greatest Peacemaker, the Oracle of the Bench for a Justice, the grand Pattern for a Christian; and, in a word, you was the Mirrour of Chastity, Charity, Piety, and so he drew the Curtains about you, and left you to your Rest. I, for my part, as I came out o'th' Church-door, could not but say, Well! whatever I thought, I see my Master (peace be with him) is in

Heaven: And my Mistress, who cry'd and took on with all who, caused a sumptuous Monument to be erected to your Memory, with the name of both your Wives, your Ancestors (indeed they mention'd not your Children, for a reason that we all knew) and last of all, there was an Epitaph bestowed upon your Marble.

Clod-p. An Epitaph, *Tom*! Thou dost me good at heart: I prethee, without more ado let me hear it; you cannot think how we are affected with those Honours and Respects which are shewn to our *Deas* and *Memories*.

Ticklef. Indeed Master, I cannot vouch for the Poetry of it, but 'twas the best we could chuse out of a dozen, and, to be plain with you, I made it my self, but it cost me pumping.

Here lies old Justice Clod-pate,
Who had many a crocket in's od-pate;
And had it not been for Guisel his Wife,
He might have lived all the days of his life.

Sic cecinit *Tom Ticklefoor*.

but Master, our case is very hard beyond yours, who count those sins *venial* that we judge *mortal*, and must pay for 'em.

Clod-p. Who'll pity you, *Tom*, when you may so easily evade the danger o' *mortal sins*, and will not?

Ticklef. I had as lieve as a hundred shillings, I had the knack on't, how to sin, and enjoy my self all my life long, and then escape eternal Torments at the last.

Clod-p. Come, *Tom*, what will you give me, if I instruct you in the Mystery on't in a moment?

Ticklef. Ah, sweet Honey-Master! I'll give you a *Ten Groats-Fee*; or you shall have all I get at the Wake to morrow, be it less or more; Happy go *Luckie*, you shall have it every Farthing, *bona fide*; you see I ha' not forgot all my *Latine*.

Clod-p. Ten Groats! Who's Fool then, *Tom*? Will you procure 15000 *Masses* to be said for my Soul?

Ticklef. You fly high, Sir; why, *Pykering* was but to have 15000 *Masses* for killing a King.

Clod-p. Nay, now thou'rt out, *Tom-fool*: Dost think those *Masses* were to deliver him from *Purgatory* for such a *Meritorious Work*? No, no, he never needed fear *Purgatory* on that Account; but if perhaps he had died in the Act under some Irregularities, as suppose, guilty of some other Peccadillo's, those *Masses* should have quitted his odd Scores, and

and fetcht him out of *Limbo* with flying Colours. Now for the Vastness of the Sum, *Tom*, that was only (as the Learned speak) in *majorum Cantelam*; or as we of the *Laity*, to make sure work on't: And is it not better to have a Thousand or two of Masses too many, than one single Mass too few? Come *Tom*, *Store's no Sore*, in my mind; and if he happen'd to have any *Overplus*, he might sell 'em at a Marketable Rate, and do his Indigent Friends a Kindness: What say you, *Tom*, will you come up to my price?

Ticklef. Upon my honest word, I'll procure you fifteen thousand, *under or over*; it's pretty hard to count exactly to an Unite; but I'll be as good as my word, and there's a Tetter to bind the Bargain.

Clod-p. Why, then in the first place, you must confess all your Sins, with their Circumstances, in Thought, Word and Deed, and get your Ghostly Father to absolve you for 'em; then you must provide your self of good store of Indulgences for all those Sins that are out o'the Priest's Jurisdiction, and when you come to die, get a *Franciscan's Coml* thrown over your Ears, and I'll warrant you, *Purgatory* shall never singe a Hair of your Head; but if you should drop in by chance (as who can be against a Chance) then get some of your Friends to lay down as much Money for you as will purchase fifteen thousand Masses for your Soul, which is but fifteen hundred Pound.

Ticklef. Ay marry Master! this is just as long as 'tis broad; I must get 15000 Masses to be said for your Soul, to tell me the rare Secret of getting 15000 to be said for my own; and so I must be at the Charge for my self and you too, which comes to three thousand pounds sterling: I see the Priests will lick their Fingers on both sides, and gain, whoever loses; would I had my Six-pence again: I'll not hold.

Clod-p. Nay I knew thou wouldst play the Jack with me; but I'm well enough serv'd, to trust a Rascal that has cheated me so often.

Ticklef. And so are we easie Protestants, to trust you, when we have had such dear-bought Experience of your Famous Maxim, That no Faith is to be kept with Hereticks.

Clod-p. But, *Tom*, I'll tell thee a pleasant Story.

Ticklef. I cannot hinder you telling your Stories; but I'm resolved never more to believe a Word you say.

Clod-p. Your Unbelief comes too late now *Tom*; you have believed us so long, and we have made that advantage of it, that we care not Two-pence whether you believe us or no: you believed us till we had done our

Work; you may now spare your Faith, we'll make you live by Feeling; e're we ha' done with you.

Ticklef. Pray leave Fiddling with my Nose then, and I defie you; do your worst; but what will you, what can you do?

Clod-p. What's that to *Tom Ticklefoot*? Do you think us such Fools as to tell you before hand? No: We'll cast a Mist before your Eyes, you shall not see what you do see: nor hear what you do hear, nor believe the fullest, clearest Evidence that can be brought in against us.

Ticklef. And so I hope you have done: *Bonus Nocius*, Master, in plain English, *Good Night*.

Clod-p. Farewel, honest *Tom*: but wonnot you hear my fine Story out?

Ticklef. Hear it out? Why, it is not begun yet; and when you once begin, you'll never know when to make an end; you'll have all the Talk to your self, engross and monopolize the Discourse, and poor *Tom* shall not wedge in a word to save his Life: I am never more tormented than with your wordy, long-winded impertinencies.

Clod-p. Why then I'll tell thee the shortest, and truest Story that ever I told in all my days.

Ticklef. That you may soon do, I promise you, but pray Sir, what is it?

Clod-p. Honest *Dick Langhorn* came late last night to *Purgatory*.

Ticklef. And is this one of the short Stories? why, I foresee, if a man had no more Grace and Wit than to fit it out, you will make this short Story last till to morrow this time. He came to *Purgatory*; and he came last night to *Purgatory*; pray let's divide the point, that we may handle it more distinctly. And first, I pray, why to *Purgatory*? I had thought your Martyrs had made but one Stage on't to Heaven?

Clod-p. No great matter what you think: I tell thee I saw him there, with these Eyes, by the same token, there were two or three young Jesuits, that gave him the courtest Complement for a welcome; that I suppose he ever had in's life.

Ticklef. I long extremely to hear their rude Salutation.

Clod-p. Why *Tom*, as soon as ever they spied him, without Preface, without Ceremony, they fell aboard him, and so belabour'd him, each with his well-temper'd Steel whip, that had lain soaking in Fire and Brimstone above a Month (Ay, *Tom*, there were Rods in piss for him) and did so firk him too and again, raked him fore and aft, that I protest I have seen few such Bouts since I came hither.

Ticklef.

Tickle. But still I'm in the dark, why such an Eminent Saint, such an Heroick Martyr, should be doom'd to Purgatory; if he dropt in by chance, it was an ugly chance.

Clod-p. The plain truth is, 'tis whispered amongst us, that *Dick Langhorn* plaid the *Swoggin*, and revealed some Mysteries of his own Trade, and some of the Jesuits, about some Lands settled upon their Society, for their better Maintenance, and other Uses, which they call *Secret Service*.

Tickle. Then Master, *Secondly*, Why not before *late last night*? did he make *Loyter-pins* by the way? had he bestirred his stumps, and not *truanted* his time, he might have reacht his Journeys end a fortnight ago.

Clod-p. Come, come, *Tom*, make it your own case: he that's to be hang'd finds most of the Spectators at the Gallows before him; I'll engage for thee, *Tom*, had'st thou been sent o' that Errand, thou would'st not ha' broke thy thins for haste.

Tickle. It may be I might, if some unhappy Wagg had set Stools and Forms in my way, when I came groping in the dark: Ha, Sir?

Clod-p. Well, well Sirrah; leave your frumping, the Case was this; When he came just to the gate, and view'd the frightful Frontispiece, all cross-barr'd with Iron; Smoke and Flame breaking out at the Loop-holes, his Heart misgave him; and though he was led by four stern *infernal Paritors*, he claps his Feet against the Threshold, and his hands against both sides of the Wicket, and there he stuck and hung an Arse so obstinately, like a *Thill-Horse*, that with all the strength and cunning they had, they could not get him in. The *Governour of our Bridewell* sends out half a dozen of us to assist the Beadles, but two of 'em (I thank ye,) having got a Spit and a stride, shew'd us a fair pair of heels, and honestly ran away. I confess, I had as good a mind as the best to have made one, but being troubled of old with a scurvy *Sciatica*, I distrustd my Footmanship, and durst not venture to augment my Torments by a fruitless Attempt, but there stood we heaving, lifting, thrusting, shoving, three or four days, till we were all quite spent, to no purpose; till yesterday in the Evening, one of our fine-witted Jesuits with a wile, (which they have at their Fingers ends) got him into *Limbo*.

Tickle. I wonder you have not a Squadron of Angels there ready for a desperate piece of service.

Clod-p. Why, truly *Tom*, there were Angels there of both sorts, Good and Bad; but the good had a great kindness for him, for he's right in the main, and they would not

make, nor meddle with us, hot nor cold, but bid us bake as we brew'd, for they would not concern themselves without an express Order from *Rhadamanthus*. As for the bad Angels, they shew'd themselves very officious, but he was so anointed all over with oyl of Equivocations, they might as soon hold an Eel by the tayl, as get a gripe on him: besides, he had so flanker'd and fortified himself, with Crossings, *Agnus Dei's*, and Reliques, he was more Impregnable than *Ostend* or *Stockholm*: but at last, what Force could not do, that fine Policy I told you of before effected.

Tickle. You told me before: Sure Master you talk idly for want of sleep: I never heard the fine Policy, nor do I believe that any quirks or tricks as Hell it self could overreach a Catholick Lawyer.

Clod-p. In short, it was this: A crafty Jesuit comes me as far as the Wicket; *Dick Langhorn*, (says he) what will you not see your old Friend *Bedloe*? he's just now arriv'd a back-way in our Quarters. Is the Rogue *Bedloe* arriv'd (replied he) I'll have one lash at his Breech for all his good Deeds: and being a little tickled with the sugred hopes of Revenge, was not, it seems, so careful of his hold, but let his Hands and Feet slacken, and the Officers watching their opportunity, heaved him in, and fairly clapt the gate upon him: but I shall never forget how they ferretted him; *Banks* his Horse never danced a Galliard at that wild rate: they smoak't him, they jerk't him, and bound'd him about the stoops, and scoured all the Arrears of his four dayes obstinacy upon his hide, though we might legibly read the marks of a late Discipline he had undergone before he came thither.

Tickle. Now, I protest Master, All this is as pure a *Romance* as *Purgatory* it self: and I'll be as good as my word, not to believe one syllable of this short *long Story*; but yet I would fain know the order of your proceedings in punishing Offenders there.

Clod-p. *Tom*, Did'st ever see the Discipline of *Bridewell*?

Tickle. Yes, Master, many and many a time; but once to my exceeding great Mortification, above all the rest.

Clod-p. Why just such is the Discipline of *Purgatory*; for this is certain, that in the Time of Popery in *England*, a curious Artist brought 'em a Model of *Purgatory*, and the Court of Aldermen made *Bridewell* by the Platform: the Delinquent is brought in, and with strong Cords is made to embrace the *Whipping-Post*, two sturdy stout Knaves stand ready

dy Armed with their Instrumens of Execution; the Master o' this House o' Correction sits in his great Chair, his Assessors on either hand, he holds in his right hand (that is, except he be left-handed) a small Hammer (thus far you would say it was but an *Auction*) and when he gives the word of Command, the Lictors fall to Work; that is, Knock goes the Hammer, *Slash* (say they) upon his *Posteriorum*: *Thump* again goes the Hammer, *Thwack* go they; and so as long as the Hammer goes, and—

Ticklef. Pray Master, pardon me, if I interrupt you a little: I protest *Purgatory* has been as ill bestow'd upon you as upon any man that ever went through that Gantelope.

Clod-p. Prythee, why, *Tom*?

Ticklef. You three years and upwards in that School! Fie, I'm ashamed of you.

Clod-p. Why, *Tom*.

Ticklef. Why? What an incorrigible piece are you? The End of the Institution of that Furnace was, to burn off all the Dross, Rust, and Filth that Sinners had contracted here in this World; but I perceive you'r as famous a Liar as ever you was in your Life: I'll exchange places with you, if ever the Legends told greater Rappers than you have done in so few Lines. For shame, Master, for shame, no more of this Stuff; you may lie for the Whetstone, I'll warrant you. You think you have Travell'd where I shall never come to confute you; and now you think you may lie by Authority, and *cum Privilegio*.

Clod-p. What, you'r got into one of your Rayling Humors.

Ticklef. Out upon't, these are all meer *Parkerism's*; get a *Sac. Dom.* to Licence your Stories, or I'll hold you a Wager your Book will be burnt like *Muggleton's*.

Clod-p. Well then, *Tom*, tell me some truer Stories of your own: I long to carry some

News with me down below; if I come empty, they'll go nigh to send me back again: What News, prythee, about your Elections? I hear there's old Drinking, and Feasting, and Treating still for Members to serve in Parliament: What kind o' People do they chuse?

Ticklef. Why, Sir, e'ne so, so; a Thief and a Gentleman, as they couple Rabbits.

Clod-p. But I would fain hear whom they have chosen at my Native Town of *B—*.

Ticklef. Well thought on, Master; I have just now receiv'd a Letter that will gratifie your Curiosity, and Importunity both with a Labour: In the first place, they have pitch'd upon an Old, Rotten, Crooked, Warped piece of *Timber*, that will never make a Supporter for a Tottering State, or a Crutch for a Lame Church; such a Stick of Wood as I durst not venture to make a *Hovel-Post* on: They may make a pair of Gallows of him to hang his *Electors*, and that's all that ever he will be good for: And in the next place, they have chosen a Son to Vote against, and Condemn his own Father: And is it not a comely Sight to see the Son within the Walls of the House o' *Commons*, when the Dad is within the Walls o'th' *Tower* for *High-Treason*? This is their Choice; and now they'r ready to eat off their Fingers for their Folly, when 'tis too late.

Clod-p. That's a piece o'th' best News I me like to carry down with me: But, *Tom*, how have they chosen in *Essex*?

Ticklef. O! Upon my Word, there's a Cooting Card for you: But I perceive you play *Loath to Depart*: Good Night, Master, once for all. Pray have a Care you do not break your Shins again as you go out: And if you have a mind to tell any more Stories, pray tell 'em to the Wall for me; I'll go sleep as hard as I can drive; and so Farewel Master *Clod-pate*.

Tom

Tom Ticklefoot

To his Reader, Greeting.

TIs more hard to Reform an Inveterate, though Irrational Custome, than to Cure the Itch; and a Non-sensical Whim, that can plead Prescription, will crush a private Practice to dirt, that wants Gray Hair and Gravity to procure it Veneration: the plain English of all which is but this; As good be out o' th' World as out o' th' Fashion, though never so Apish and Ridiculous: however, for once, I'm resolv'd on't to try whether my New Book (like the New Barge) will not Sail against the Wind of Antiquity, and the Tide of Peevish Example: It has hitherto all along been the Mode of all our Scriblers to March their Epistolary Addressee in the Van of their Books; An errant Hysteron Proteron (say I) the Cart before Horse, for all the World: To call him thy Courteous, thy Candid, thy Ingenious, thy Learned Reader, (marry, come up my Dirty Gossip!) when perhaps the poor man has not read one Line, one Word, one Syllable on't, and if he be wife, be sure, never will; whereas I, upon good Advice, have placed mine in the Rear, politically considering, that by this Artifice he must be my Reader, ere I call him so, in spite of his Nose. Now then have at thee, Courteous Reader, (or by what Name or Title soever thou hast a mind to be Dignified or Distinguished) I do boldly recommeend my Dialogue to thee my own self, because, perhaps no body else will; and if thou thinkest that to applaud it upon my Credit, is to venture thy Judgment upon an Implicit Faith; prythee consider, the most of Mankind have taken up their Religion upon no better Principle: Thou'lt hardly believe me, if I should tell thee I could have had the Licenses of all the Fat Choplains, Middle-sized Chaplains, and the Thin-Gutted Chiplains about Town, and a thousand thanks to boot, that I would honour them so far, as to suffer their Names to appear in the Frontispiece: whether the Pope has got it into the Vatican, I dare not say; but its more than probable if the Act for Regulating the Press, had been in force, both the Universities had claimed their Copies by this time; and yet now I think on't, it had then never been written: It has been a Question moved among the Learned, whether the Expiration of that Statute has done more good than harm? and without doubt it had been very pernicious to the Publick if this one Dialogue had not made amends for the Mischief of our Scurrulous Pamphlets: To tell thee one half of its Excellencies, would tempt thee to disbelieve the other half; and whilst it pretends to cure all Diseases (with our Quacks) thou'lt be ready to Question whether it can cure any? yet take a Taste of its Charity. Is it nothing to release fourteen poor Prisoners out o' Ludgate, and set 'em up as fish-whole as before they were crackt? What thinkest thou of 20 poor Lads put out Apprentices? or of 40 poor old Widows cloath'd from Top to Toe against Winter? I will not affirm this, but enquire, and thou'lt soon know the Truth of it: What strange Cures it has wrought upon those that were given up by the Colledge, I shall not need to relate; how it has opened the Thorax, and discuss'd Hypochondriacal Winds, removed the Obstructions of the Spleen, broke Imposthumes with a Fit of Laughter, is obvious to conceive; but the shortest way is this; Look into the Printed Miracles of Rhodocanaces Spirit of Salt, the Pillula Proprietatis, Elixir Vitæ, the Golden Spirit of Scurvy-Grass; and if all their Boasted Cures be but the Wonders of my Dialogue, and visibly stolen from thence, thou canst not but confess its Medical Excellencies. Now for Feats of Activity, Sleight of Hand, and all Manual Operations, it cuts the World out o' Distance, it shall turn your Spit far beyond the Dog in a Wheel; it cracks Nuts faster than any Squirrel; it will pick thy Pocket o' thy Money ere thou'rt aware, and shall make thee rejoyce to be so cheated; for the Advancement o' Trade, there's nothing like it; send it but to the East-Indies, and the Company may spare us our Gold; it will fetch us home Cloves, Cinamons, Mace, Nutmegs, Pepper, Ginger, and all the Oriental Spiceries; nay Diamonds are like to be Dog-cheap another Year, Silks more common than Searges, and French-Wines had come in belter skelter in Exchange for it, but for an odd thing, the call it (I think) Staving. If thou hast an Ambition to be reputed a Scholar, cry up this Piece; it shall satisfy the World

World more of thy Abilities, than if thou talk'd'st nothing but Sanchoniathon, and Jerom-Baal : Thou'lt wonder above all, if it should have been turn'd into Latine, French, Italian, Spanish so soon ; as, and into Dutch too, had it not been above their Flegmatick Intellectuals. I might have had Money for my Copy, if I had been wise ; all the Fear was, some Knaves would have Printed upon the Proprietor : And yet I cannot deny some Accidental Inconveniences have attended it, which was beyond my Foresight and Power to Remedy. It has utterly spoil'd two of the D—'s Vindications, and half Broke A. Brewster : The Jesuits Trials, (some think) will fall to Three-pence a piece in a day or two : The Hawkers may go cool their Toes ; this Dialogue has suppress'd 'em far better than my Lord Mayor's Proclamation ; but the worst of all is, lest some silly Protestants should believe the Reality of purgatory, and so turn Papists, upon my Master Clod-pate's single Authority ; but I can easily satisfy them : The plain Truth is, I do suspect that 'twas none of my Old Master that told me that long Flim-flam-prattle of Purgatory, but Old Nick in his Likeness ; for in the Morning I could trace him to the Window by the print of his Cloven Foot, as easily as ever I Traced Hares ith' Snow. To conclude, Reader, if thou shalt duly prize and value this as it deserves, I'll have another Dialogue for thee, and another Tack't to the End of that ; but beware of a Surfeit. Two Sheets is enough in all Reason for a Dose for the strongest Constitution, and one for the weaker ; but if thy Ignorance and Pride shall suffer me to break off my New Trade, I can Retreat Honourably to my Late Employment, and once again become

From Green-Goose-Fair,
Aug. 25. 1679.

Tom Ticklefoot

the Tabourer.

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